Engl. Poetry vol. 77

British BRAVERY.

A

POEM.

(Price One Shilling.)

LIFE OF BEWICK

BRITISH BRAVERY.

A

POEM.

Dedicated to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The EARL of *STAIR.*

Cantemus Auguſti Trophæa
Cæſaris ———
——— *frementem*
Mittere Equum medios per Ignes.
——— *per Cædes ab ipſo*
Ducit opes Animumque Ferro.
——— *eſt animus Tibi*
Rerumque prudens, & ſecundis
Temporibus Dubiiſque rectus.
Dulce & decorum eſt pro Patria mori. HOR.

LONDON:
Printed for JACOB ROBINSON, at the *Golden-Lion* in *Ludgate-ſtreet.* M.DCC.XLIII.

BRITISH BRAVERY.

A

POEM.

Dedicated to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The EARL of STAIR.

Printed for JACOB ROBINSON, at the GOLDEN-LION in
Ludgate-Street. MDCCXLII.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN Earl of *STAIR.*

MY LORD,

THIS Poem will, I doubt not, be the more acceptable to your LORDSHIP, *when known to be the Product of a Virgin-Muſe, undefiled by Party-prejudice, and every falſe Motive that induces the common Writers of the Age to Panegyric or Satyr.*

The agreeable News, that my Countrymen, among whom were ſo many ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES, *had acquitted Themſelves with ſuch Intrepidity in the Day of Danger, warm'd me with an Impulſe too great to be withſtood; and the too favourable Opinion a * judicious Friend was pleaſed to expreſs of the Performance, at laſt prevailed with me, to venture it in Publick.*

* Mr. VICTOR, of *Pall-Mall.*

DEDICATION.

However, My Lord, *to confeſs my Fears, when I conſider your* Lordship's Character, *I am more alarm'd at the Apprehenſion of your Cenſure, than that of the whole Race of* Critics. *Thoſe, who diſtinguiſh themſelves by that Appellation, perhaps, will not excuſe my Neglect to adorn the Subject with poetic Fiction: Was it liable to no other Objection, I am well aſſured, it would ſtand ſecure of your* Lordship's *Approbation; for Truth, as well as Valour, Conduct, and all other Virtues, that compleat the* Prince *or* General, *diſdains the mean Aid of Romance or Fiction, and ſhines moſt in it's genuine Purity. But,*

The condeſcending good Nature, ſo eminently conſpicuous among your Lordship's *numerous Excellencies, muſt be my Refuge, and procure a Pardon for,*

My LORD,

Your Lordship's unknown,

but moſt obedient,

and devoted Humble Servant.

BRITISH BRAVERY.

NOW, when fierce Diſcord rages, and the Sword,
To quell Ambition, ſues to BRITAIN'S LORD;
When GEORGE, to ſuccour the *Diſtreſs'd*, has flown,
And makes THERESIA'S Injuries his own;
When, almoſt e'er begun, Heav'n crowns his Toil,
And Plumes victorious on his Helmet ſmile;
BAVARIA trembles on th' *Imperial Seat*;
While GALLIA'S braveſt Troops, with Haſte retreat:
The Muſe, exulting, on advent'rous Wing,
Attempts the CONQU'ROR'S Triumphs, in her KING;
A Muſe, unſuited to the daring Theme!
Befitting well, our *Engliſh* HOMER'S Flame!
Yet, be that Poet dumb (who beſt could raiſe,
Could beſt aſſert his Sov'reign's rightful Praiſe)
Or be his proſtituted Lay beſtow'd
On Prieſts, or Stateſmen, of diſloyal Blood;
VIRTUE and VALOUR ſtill maintain their Cauſe,
And gain their Trophies from their own Applauſe:
On this firm Baſis, GEORGE'S Honours ſtand,
The Guardian Glories of our happy Land!

The GALLIC LEADER plann'd a well-aim'd Scheme,
Deſtructive, as deſigning Art could frame!
Th' impending Stroke, with ſuddain Miſchiefs fill'd,
Hungaria's *Genius*, from *Branau* beheld,
Swift, to *Aſchaffenbourg* ſhe wing'd her Flight,
And rous'd BRITANNIA, in the ſilent Night;
Th' awak'ning Drums the ſettled Camp alarm,
And the diſturb'd Battalions riſe, and arm!
Soon, the retiring Shades to Light give Way;
(To Hoſts unnumber'd, the laſt fatal Day!)
See! from th' adverſe Bank of *Maine*, advance
In thick Array, th' unequal Pow'rs of FRANCE:
Onward They paſs, and meditate Surprize,
(Not undiſcern'd, by GEORGE's watchful Eyes.)

The Signal giv'n, their deaf'ning Cannon roars,
Galling the *Britiſh* Horſe with Iron Show'rs;
The MONARCH thro' the Squadrons, midſt the Storm,
Serenely rides, and ſpeaks them into Form;
Already form'd, the willing Bands appear,
And wait, impatient, for the threat'ning War.
" But, why will MAJESTY it's Life expoſe
" To martial Dangers? Dangers great as Thoſe!"
His faithful Gen'rals thus expreſs their Fear,
In Sounds, ungrateful to their SOV'REIGN's Ear;
" No more (He cries) of Danger! teach the Foe
" Where Danger lies! I ſhall retort the Blow."

Then

Then ſpurs his Stead; the gen'rous Beaſt diſdains
The Bit, and flies, as looſen'd from his Reins.
What deep Affright on ev'ry Viſage ſate!
How many Thouſands ſhudder'd for his Fate!
The prudent Rider, by a well-tim'd Force,
Reſtrains th'impetuous Vigour of his Horſe.
So fierce *Bucephalus*, the *Græcian* Boy
Curb'd, to the People's Wonder and their Joy.

The Foe approaches near, the HERO joins
Th'imbattled Infantry, and heads the Lines;
Commands to halt, then waves on high his Sword,
And, worthy of their CAPTAIN and their LORD,
Beſpeaks them,—"YOUTHS! ſupport the ancient Fame,
"The Honour due, in War, to *Britain*'s Name;
"Behave with Conduct, and the Day's your own!
"Be brave! fire cloſe! the *French* will quickly run!"
The Royal Word their eager Souls inſpire;
Loudly, they ſhout Applauſe,---- march up---- and fire!

The Work begins; on either Side ariſe
Dread Thunders, ecchoing from the vaulted Skies!
The CHIEF, who finds on every Hand employ,
Inſtructs the murd'ring Cannon to deſtroy!
The murd'ring Cannon deals thick Woes around,
For where it's Terrors fall, they load the Ground.

The Battle waxes hot; the Lines are broke;
And GEORGE is loſt, obſcured in Fire and Smoke;

The *Muſquetaires* have enter'd in, and force
Thro' treble Ranks, reſiſtleſs in their Courſe;
Dreadful Attempt! but certain Death their Fate!
Convinc'd 'twas Raſhneſs, dying, and too late.

The Lines repair'd, the doubtful War's increaſt;
The Armies cloſe, engaging Breaſt to Breaſt.
------ Bold in Deportment, with a Mind ſedate,
Anxious for *Britain*'s and for *Auſtria*'s Fate,
'Twas now young WILLIAM, new to War's Alarms,
Diſplay'd his Courage, and his Skill in Arms:
When *Mars*, well-pleas'd, the growing HERO ſaw,
A riſing MARLB'ROUGH! and a true NASSAU!
He, for his Own, the ready Pupil own'd,
And, as the Earneſt, *mark'd Him with a Wound.*
A glorious Wound! It wards a while a Blow,
But threats redoubled Vengeance to the Foe!
Thus, ſome young Lion, at his firſt Eſſay,
When from the Den he roams Abroad for Prey,
Is, by a Thorn, obſtructed in his Way:
The Royal Rav'ner feels the twinging Pain,
And leaves, unwillingly, the Savage Plain;
Recover'd, raging, he renews the Chace,
And ſpreads Deſtruction, thro' the brutal Race.

Accept the Tribute of the Thanks we pay,
STAIR, to thy Prowreſs, on th' important Day;
(And may'ſt Thou deign to patronize this Lay.)
Welcome!

Welcome! the Man, by Honour only mov'd,
By *Merit* great, of all the Land belov'd!
In whom the *Stateſman* and the *Warrior* ſhine!
The *Courtier* and the *Orator* combine!
The *loyal Subject* and the *Patriot* join!
Long, long as *Virtue* ſhall one Vot'ry claim,
Fixt ſhall thy *Honours* be, and dear thy Name.
To STAIR the *ſacred Characters* belong,
And ev'ry *Briton* ſhall applaud the Song.

Brave CLAYTON! Thee, the Muſe conſigns to Fame;
Thy Triumphs, in the Field, ſhall deck thy Name!
A Thouſand more, upon thy Creſt were hung,
But they were deſtin'd, to remain unſung!
Alas! ſtern Death has cut them ſhort! and yet,
Great, in thy Fall, thy Glories are compleat!
Well might the celebrated *Roman* cry,
" *What Pity 'tis, the Brave but once can die.*"

Hark! a glad Shout o'er all the Champian runs,
Of Vict'ry gain'd! and comes from ALBION's Sons!
Such Shouts, of old, proud FRANCE was wont to hear,
(The Brave they fire, augment the Coward's Fear,)
Again, ſhe hears, indignant, and with haſte,
Flying, BRITANNIA leaves, with CONQUEST bleſt.
So, when the haughty *Seraphim*, on high,
Aſpired, to rule the Empire of the Sky;
As they took Flight, by *Michael*'s Arm o'erthrown,
The rattling Thunder drove them faſter down.

What envious Dæmon, BRITONS! what tame Pow'r,
Reſtrain'd your Ardor, in this fav'ring Hour?
Thoſe, who your SOV'REIGN baſely would enſlave,
And meanly fall on the unguarded BRAVE;
Such, ſuch, untimely, now your mov'd to ſave!
Purſuit, perhaps, had giv'n at once the Stroke,
And freed whole Kingdoms from *Oppreſſion*'s Yoke.

Yet, on the Theme, thus check'd, the Muſe could build,
A diſmal Scene, the Horrors of the Field!
Deſcribe the Foes, as with too haſty Step
They ford, and periſh in the rapid Deep!
Dwell on the ſtreaming Gore! the Heaps of Slain!
Th' expiring Wretches, weltring on the Plain!
The mangled Limbs! Heart-piercing Groans and Cries!
Promiſcuous, as the ſmoaking Carnage lies!
But this is what She chuſes to forbear,
This would be Pain to ſing, and harſh to hear.

Turn, turn away from the unpleaſing Sight,
Britons, to taſte a Scene of full Delight;
Come, let your Joys with Godlike Joys unite!
Behold the VICTOR, in a Parent's View,
As to the DUKE, on Wings of Love, He flew;
O! happy Greeting! on his *Father's* Face,
Springs the glad *Son*, to catch the dear Embrace;
How ſhall the mingling Tranſports be expreſt!
Tranſports, peculiar to a *Royal* Breaſt!

Souls

Souls of ſublimeſt Tenderneſs can paint
The ſoft Idea, but in Colours faint;
In MAJESTY we ſee a falling Tear,
That ſpeaks (becoming) Pleaſure all ſincere!
While, as the flowing Happineſs gives Way,
We hear, or ſeem to hear great BRUNSWICK ſay,
" Thrice bliſsful Day! in which a Battle's won!
" AUSTRIA's preſerv'd! and You have prov'd our SON!
" Nor did our Hopes, in vain, *young* PRINCE, preſage
" The riper Bleſſings of your blooming Age.
" Hence, in our Favour, as a *Soldier*, live;
" Such *Honours* as your *Merit* claims, We give;
" And *Theſe* ſhall all, who well have fought, receive."

High-waving the *White Houſhold Standard* flies,
Before the MONARCH ſtoops the glorious Prize:
The raviſh'd Honours of the Fight diſplay'd
Low at his Feet, with Rev'rence, All are laid.

Thus was the Scheme confounded; and the Chain,
BOURBON prepar'd for GEORGE, prepar'd in vain.
The QUEEN, whom late thy barb'rous Threats diſmay'd,
Smiles at thy Vaunts, and is no more afraid;
Secure She ſits, and can thy Rage defy,
Safe in her *Virtues* and her ſtrong ALLY,
Whilſt He, (of *Europe*'s *Liberties* and *Laws*
The *great Defender*) ſhall protect Her Cauſe;
By HIM, the noble and the brave LORRAIN,
Hopes to retrieve his native Realms again;

To HIM, the * PRINCE, thy Wiles deceiv'd, his Grief
Shall pour, and beg for undeserv'd Relief;
Nor shall the MONARCH's happy Labours cease,
Till jarring Nations are restored to PEACE:
Sweet Peace, (that Gem!) shall unobstructed shine,
And shed Abroad her Influence Divine.

As, when the *Angel* of the mighty Winds,
From the bleak *North-East* Point of Heav'n descends,
Sweeps o'er the Globe, with an unusual Force,
(Thus, but of late, it took it's chilling Course)
Earth, Air, and Water feel the piercing Blast,
And, as along it passes, harden fast;
The Soil, like Adamant, is crusted o'er,
The nipping Air destroys its fertile Power;
The Golden Ruler of the lucky Day,
Thro' Clouds of Sleet, directs a feeble Ray;
The flowing Waves, stopt short, to Chrystal turn;
Man, Brute, Creation, in Disorder mourn:
At length, the *Southern Breeze* benignly flies,
The Cement softens, and the Charm unties;
By slow Degrees, the Glebe due Moisture gains,
And the light Air it's genial Heat obtains;
The Rivers thaw, and find again the Stream,
All Nature gladdens, at the SUN's bright Beam.

* The EMPEROR.

FINIS.